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## SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—A party of cavalry recruits under charge of Gen. Connelly, on way to San Francisco, change cars at St. Louis and are compelled to board an old, used car. A red-headed young man, Foster, is one of the recruits. As Gen. Connelly's car is about to start, Foster, who is the only one of the recruits who has a young woman's letter in his pocket, is seen to be in a state of great excitement. He tries to make her acquaintance, but is unsuccessful.

CHAPTER II.—Stuyvesant discovers that the woman who is the daughter of the man who was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, is the daughter of the man who was killed in the battle of Gettysburg.

CHAPTER III.—Miss Ray leaves train at Sacramento. On arrival at Oakland Stuyvesant receives a letter from Foster, which tells him that Foster is in the city and is looking for him.

CHAPTER IV.—Stuyvesant, attached to Gen. Connelly's staff, is questioned by Foster, who tells him that Foster is in the city and is looking for him.

CHAPTER V.—Stuyvesant, who is a young man, is seen to be in a state of great excitement. He tries to make her acquaintance, but is unsuccessful.

CHAPTER VI.—Miss Ray, with her mother, comes to San Francisco, but Stuyvesant, although very anxious, has not the courage to meet her.

CHAPTER VII.—Stuyvesant, who is a young man, is seen to be in a state of great excitement. He tries to make her acquaintance, but is unsuccessful.

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log those yellow straps and stripes and wishing the cavalry in perdition. Somebody was speaking to Mr. Ray, and he couldn't catch that young fellow's eye. The party stopped a moment at the threshold, one of the officers was saying good night, and then a voice at Stuyvesant's elbow said: "Which is Lieut. Ray?" It was the bell-boy.

A sudden inspiration came to Stuyvesant. "What is it?" he said. "Have you a message for him?" "Yes," was the answer. "They're telephoning for him from the President. Want him to come on once."

"Tell me the whole message and I'll give it," said Stuyvesant. "Anything wrong?"

"Yes, sir. The clerk's at the phone now, but I couldn't get the trouble. Something's broke loose, as I understand it."

And that delay was fatal. Bounding up the steps, three at a stride, came a young officer, breathless, and made straight for the group. Seeing that Mrs. Ray and Miss Marion were close at hand, he paused one moment, then with significant gesture called Ray to his side. Then Stuyvesant could not but hear every word of the sudden and startling message.

"Ray, you're wanted at the barracks at once. Prisoners 'scaped and your house is robbed!"

Stuyvesant ran beside him as Ray went bounding down the stairs and out into Montgomery street.

"Can I be of any service? Can't I help you some way?" he urged, for he saw the young officer was looking white and anxious. But Ray hurriedly thanked him and declined. He could not imagine, he said, what his loss might be, yet something told him if anybody had escaped it was that building nearer Murray.

He sprang upon the first street car at the corner, waved his hand in parting, and was whisked away westward, leaving Stuyvesant standing disconsolate.

How now could he hope to meet her? The clerk at the office seemed friendly and sympathetic when Stuyvesant wandered back there, and gave him such particulars of the situation at the Presidio as he had been able to gather over the wire.

It seemed that a rumor had reached the commanding officer that a number of tools had been smuggled into the guard-house by the prisoners, and by the aid of these they hoped to cut their way out. Despite the fact that it was growing dark, a search of the prison room and cells was ordered while the prisoners stood in line in front awaiting the usual evening inspection. There was no one to tell just who started it or how, but, all on a sudden, while many of the guard were adding in the search inside, the whole array of prisoners, regular and volunteer, broke into a mad rush for the cell doors, made a sudden and simultaneous dash for liberty, scattering in every direction. Some had already been recaptured, but at least 35 were still at large, and the post adjutant, telephoning for Ray, briefly added that there was every evidence that his quarters had been robbed.

All this Stuyvesant heard with an absorbing interest, wondering whether it might not be possible to make it a plea or pretext on which to present himself to Mrs. Ray, and then, as he was about to do so, the door of the lovely, dark-eyed girl and the slim young soldier who formed the other members of the group.

Three or four officers, some of them past the meridian, others young subalterns, stood looking on in evident interest, and Stuyvesant halted spell-bound, not knowing just what to do. It was over in a moment. The railwayman, confused but happy, had evidently been the recipient of kind and appreciative words, for his face was glowing, and Miss Ray's fairly beamed with the radiance of its smile. Then the door flew open as the elevator-car stopped for passengers, and the ex-brakeman backed in and disappeared from view. Then the mother twined an arm about her daughter's slender waist, and two young officers sprang forward to her side. Together they came scattering towards the parlor door, and then, all on a sudden, she looked up and saw him.

There was no mistaking the flash of instant recognition in her beautiful eyes. Stuyvesant's heart leaped as his eager gaze met the swift glance, and nerved with joy that she certainly saw and knew him; more than that, that the sight gave her pleasure. But in another instant she had recovered herself and turned to ask some quick question of the young gallant at her side, and Stuyvesant, who was almost at the point of howling low, found himself savagely hat-

But the department commander had said he purposed coming out with a party of friends to run alongside the flagship as she steamed slowly out to sea, and that was why Mr. Stuyvesant stood so eagerly watching the plowing side-wheeler so swiftly coming in pursuit. Already he had made out the double stars in the bunting at the jack-staff. Already he could distinguish the forms of several officers whose commands were not yet ready for embarkation and the fluttering of garments of a score of women.

Something told him she would be of the party, and as the Vanguard slowed down to let the headquarters boat run alongside, his heart beat eagerly when his general said: "We'll go down, gentlemen, and board her. It'll be much easier than the climb would be to them."

So it happened that five minutes later he found himself at the heels of his chief, shaking hands enthusiastically with a dozen officers, while his eyes kept peering beyond them to where, on the after-deck, the smiling group of women stood expectant.

And presently the general pushed on for a word of farewell with them, the aides obediently following, and then came more presentations to cordial and kindly people whose names he did not even hear, for just a little farther on, and still surrounded by cavaliers, stood Mrs. Ray, the handsome and most distinguished-looking woman of the party, and close beside her, petite and graceful, her dark beauty even the more noticeable in contrast with the fair features of her mother, stood Maudie. And then at last it came, the simple word that threw down the social barrier that so long had belted him.

"My aide-de-camp, Mr. Stuyvesant, Mrs. Ray—Miss Ray," and with his soul in his eyes he looked down into that radiant face, smiling so cordially, unconsciously into his, and then found himself striving to recall what on earth it was he was so anxious to say.

He knew that he was flushing to the peak of his forehead-cap. He knew he was trying to stammer something. He saw that she was perfectly placid and at ease. He saw, worse luck, that she wore a little knot of roses on the breast of her navy jacket, but that they were not his. He faltered something to the effect that he had been trying to see her ever since the night of the fire—had seen much to thank her for, and her white, even, beautiful teeth gleamed as she laughingly answered that she shrank had more than canceled the score.

He asked news of her brother, and he told that he had been too much occupied to come to again. They were going out to the Presidio that afternoon.

And then he ventured to hope Mr. Ray had sustained no great loss in the robbery of his quarters, and saw at once that he was breaking new ground for the smile had vanished instantly, the lovely face clouded with concern, and he had only time to stammer: "Then, probably, there was no truth in the story. I merely happened to hear two nights ago that Mr. Ray's quarters had been robbed—about the time the prisoners escaped." And then he heard his general calling, and saw that the party was already clambering back to the Vanguard.

"I—I hope I may see you when you get back from Manila, Mrs. Ray," he said, as he bowed over her hand.

"I think you may see me—before that," was the smiling answer. And then Capt. Hawley grabbed him by the arm and rushed him to the stairs.

Two minutes more and he was on the deck of the transport. The line were cast off, the white side-wheeler, alive with sympathetic faces, some smiling, some tearful, and a forest of fluttering kerchiefs, dropped slowly astern, and all that long evening as they bored through the fog of the Farallones and the white waves of the long swell of the sea, and all the long week that followed as they steamed over a sunlit summer ocean, Stuyvesant found himself repeating again and again her parting words, and wondering what could have been the explanation of her knowing nothing of the robbery of her brother's quarters or what could have been her meaning when she said "I think you may see me—before that."

Only once on the run to Honolulu was the flotilla of transports met by other voyagers. Three days out from San Francisco the O. & O. line Doric slowly overhauled and gradually passed them by. Exchanging signals: "All well on board," she was soon lost in the shadows of the night long miles ahead.

(To be continued.)

Home-seekers' Excursions to California, July, August and September.

The Cotton Belt route will sell home-seekers' excursion tickets to all points in California at the rate of one fare plus \$2 for the round trip.

Dates of sale, July 2 and 16, August 6 and 20, September 3 and 17, 1901. Going passage to commence on date of sale, with continuous passage up to first home-seekers' destination en route, being good from thence to final destination within extreme going limit of 15 days from date of sale. Return limit 21 days from date of sale.

For further information call upon or address W. E. Gipson, Derry, Mo., or E. W. LA BAUME, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat.

## Compound Taxes.

Changing an interest-bearing fund into an interest-paying debt is not the worst thing to be charged to democratic management of the Missouri school fund. The conversion of the government bonds into state bonds, selling the one at less and buying the other at more than the market price, was a private speculation which paid two or three men enormous profits. It substituted public taxes for public revenues, but it did not levy compound taxes. These came later.

April 28, 1885, the board of fund commissioners caused to be issued a 5 per cent 20-year certificate of indebtedness for \$201,000, in lieu of that amount of the cash balance remaining in the treasury at the beginning of that year. In undertaking to explain and defend this transaction State Auditor Seibert, in his official report for 1885-1886, says: "By virtue of an act entitled an act to appropriate money for the support of the state government for the years 1883 and 1884, approved April 2, 1883, the sum of \$200,000 has been transferred from the state revenue collected in 1884 and placed to the credit of the state school fund."

According to the report of the auditor for the same year the amount thus transferred, with slight accretions increasing it to \$201,331.65, lay in the treasury untouched for more than a year after it was transferred. Apparently the schools were in no need of the money or any part of it, but some other department of the state government evidently was, for on the 28th of April, 1885, the fund commissioners issued against it a certificate of indebtedness bearing 5 per cent interest and having twenty years to run. Under the theory upon which the Missouri school fund is managed, the money has been in the treasury awaiting the day of payment which is now less than four years distant. It will be interesting to watch the effort to levy a concealed tax for redemption if the democrats are in such close quarters they dare not propose the renewal of the certificate.

There are eventful days near at hand in Missouri.

But examine this piece of Bourbon financiering on its own merits. The money transferred from the state revenue fund to the school fund had been raised by taxation. The taxpayers had paid every cent of it. It was turned into that fund under the law entitling the schools of the state to one third of all taxes collected by the state, in addition to the interest tax collected on the certificates of indebtedness which have displaced interest-bearing bonds commanding a premium. All of the \$200,000 had been collected as taxes in one year, but the fund commissioners manipulated it in such a way that the people of Missouri, during the sixteen years since it was expropriated, have been paying an annual tax upon the tax they paid in 1884. They taxed themselves to the extent of \$200,000 seven years ago for the benefit of the public schools. The schools have never received a cent of that money, but it has ever since been used, and is now being used, as the basis for the levying of compound taxes. Let us hear no more in Missouri of the Shylocks of Wall street. In the twenty years the certificate runs, the people who paid in the original \$200,000 in taxes will pay in \$200,000 more as interest on the payment. There is no Shylock in Wall street who would exact of a man the payment of interest on his own credits.

So remarkable is this and other similar performances in Missouri Bourbon financiering of the school fund, and so opposed is the theory on which that fund is said to be maintained, to all accepted rules and practices of the business world and in fiscal administration of public affairs, it is difficult to treat seriously the

contention that the original taxes in all such cases are still in the treasury; that they have been there, idle and profitless, during all the years compound taxes have been levied against them. The charge can be made that they have been used to pay off state indebtedness, but the temptation is strong, in view of the circumstantial evidence, to charge that they have been put to worse uses. But the time draws near when the truth must be told. The earliest of these compound tax certificates was issued July 1, 1883, in the amount of \$22,000, drawing 5 per cent annually, and running 20 years. Since it was first collected as taxes, this sum of \$22,000 has drawn out of the people \$19,800 in compound taxes. On the day of liquidation the people will have paid, in compound taxes on this sum, an amount equal to the sum itself.

Intelligent vigilance and courage can, at the next session of the legislature, where some concealment or some adjustment of this condition must be attempted, force Bourbonism to the wall and pin it there.—State Republican.

"They may excommunicate me from my party if they see fit to do so, but they cannot make me sanction the infamous Nesbit election law. I have always stood for a fair election and an honest count. I am naturally so constituted that I abhor rascality and rottenness. I am one of those who believe in honesty and fair dealing in every relation of life, and holding these views, I cannot endorse the infamous law. The purpose of the law was to steal elections, and it has served its purpose well. I am a democrat, always have been and always shall be. But I say here and now that I would rather see the city of St. Louis or this state of Missouri go republican at an honest election than to see it go democratic by means of a dishonest election. All honest democrats must rise up and condemn this infamous law, and insist on its repeal, or else it will defeat the democratic party. The people, the rank and file, are honest and will not stand for stealing elections. Let us have a fair election and an honest count. This is what democracy stands for, and it will triumph on that issue. No party, no man, no set of men, can succeed on dishonesty and rottenness. The Nesbit law is rotten, vile and vicious and must be repealed."—Judge Kern, democrat.

Advertisements for the St. Louis exposition have been begun already. In the Union station of that city trunks that pass through are to be labeled "World's Fair, 1903, St. Louis, U. S. A." to the extent of three thousand per day. Another little scheme indulged in by local hotels is to have "St. Louis, 1903," on top of register pages—a memory stimulant for the traveler that if he comes back two years afterward he will see much more.

Eruptions, cuts, burns, scalds and sores of all kinds quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Certain cure for piles. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get the original—DeWitt's. All dealers.

Notice to Business Men.

THE HERALD carries a full line of fine calendars for 1902. Come and see our stock before placing your orders.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Highest Honors, World's Fair Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health.

The republicans will make one more desperate effort to redeem Missouri in 1902.

N. B. HENRY is spoken of as a probable candidate for congress in the thirteenth district.

Gov. Dockery has appointed Thos. H. Wagner of Memphis, Mo. to succeed Ed T. O'Rear, present insurance commissioner who has resigned.

OUR last legislature tried to make the collector's office a four-year term but failed. We believe that if every county office was made a four-year office and each officer was limited to two terms it would be better for the people. Of course this arrangement would be hard on the newspapers, but better satisfaction would be given the party and the people.

THE letter in last week's Cash-Book by "One Interested" strikes the key note. If the young women of this town, or any other town, would discard every young man who got drunk frequently, and the young man that gambled at all, society would soon be in a better shape. We have young women all over this country, and we judge in this town, who belong to our churches, that will hardly speak to one of our sober, industrious young men, but will smile and make much ado over those young men who tipple, swear, gamble, have no respect for father or mother. If the young women would all hold up a high moral standard, they would bring the young men around right.

SOME of our citizens are heard to remark that they want the paper that has the county printing. THE HERALD has the county printing and it is the only county paper that is supposed to publish the county business officially. Bridge notices, and other notices ordered by the county court, are given officially in the HERALD. Of course, the Volksfreund gives a brief notice of these things, but it is not supposed to be ordered by the court, and hence receives nothing for it, or if he does receive pay for such publications, the court is paying out the people's money for that which they let under contract. THE HERALD has a contract to do the county printing, bridge notices, and everything to which Wm. Paar's name as county clerk is attached, and ordered by the court. We mention these facts because it appears that many think what is seen in the Volksfreund, such as bridge notices, etc., is official. They are not official, for then Mr. Kies should receive pay for it from the court, and if he does receive pay there is no use letting out the county printing under special contract for so much money.

THE Situation.

We wonder if those Jackson mothers who have realized that their sons have gone wrong made every effort while the boys were younger to keep them in church and Sunday school. Did they go to church every Sunday possible and see that their sons went with them? Have the mothers and fathers of these boys always set them a good example and tried to train them in the way they should go? If so, we feel truly sorry for them and we know the boys can be reformed.

But, if these mothers belong to that list of mothers who believe all church members are hypocrites; who would seldom if ever go to church; who let their boys run over town on Sunday, play marbles, etc., tell them "I won't do it" and not punish them, who would take issue with every school teacher that punished their boys for misconduct, and thought their boys better than anybody else's, they need very little sympathy, and their boys will doubtless be hard to make better.

## Southeast Missouri News.

A strong wind at New Madrid on July 29 did much damage to property.

Van Petty seriously cut Jerry Carmack with a knife at Fatam, Dunklin county.

Joseph T. Butchers shot and seriously wounded Luther Dempsey at Newbit, Dunklin county.

Lightning struck the Moberly canning factory on July 29, and the building was destroyed by fire.

Walter Adams, aged 18 years, was drowned while in swimming in Black river near Poplar Bluff on July 20.

While bathing in Crooked creek just south of Lutesville on July 20 Noah Shelton, a young teacher of Bollinger county, was drowned.

Louis Frost, of Perryville, has sued Thomas Burgee for 25 cents. Frost claims Burgee owed him for two planks left over from a bridge.

Some time ago four prisoners escaped from the Bollinger county jail at Marble Hill in broad daylight by prying open a door with a chair rung. One has been recaptured.

Francis Boyer, a young farmer of Bushby Creek in the western part of Wayne county, shot and killed a neighbor named Abraham on July 27. Abraham had accused Boyer of being intimate with his wife.

Rev. Davault, assistant principal of the Mayfield-Smith academy, was in Jackson the first of the week. It seems that Prof. Wingo, former president of the academy, is going to start a school at Lutesville.

A new corporation has been organized at the Cape known as the Painter Realty company, with J. A. Horrell of Jackson, president, and E. W. Fentge of the Cape as secretary and treasurer. The directors are J. A. Horrell, E. W. Fentge, Mrs. Sophia Painter, R. B. Oliver and A. K. Ponder.

A Rare Chance to Buy Valuable Lands at a Bargain.

The entire landed property belonging to the estate of the late T. J. Bast, situated in Stoddard county, Mo., will be sold at Bloomfield, Mo.

Thursday, September 12, 1901, to the highest bidder.

Purchaser can pay 25 per cent cash, or all, at his election.

This land is situated near Swinton, and within a "stone's throw" of the railroad.

One half interest in the Connor farm—320 acres; one of the best farms in Stoddard county. Owner of other half will sell to purchaser at same price.

550 acres in one body—125 acres in cultivation; 300 acres, or thereabouts, of virgin timber. Said to be very fine.

Go look at this land before sale. For information address C. W. BAST, Burfordville, Mo., or W. H. MILLER, Jackson, Mo.

Meier Bros. will sell you a good buggy for \$45.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.

THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST.

The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The Double Feed combined with other strong points makes the New Home the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing.

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